6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
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the poison has time to spread and enter the bloodstream. The Samatari go off to war with masses of these poisoned arrows and a cane quiver slung across their shoulders. This contains spare arrow-heads which can be quickly attached to the arrows arriving in a stream from the enemy. Every fighter carries his own ammunition, but the weapons are really the common property of friend and foe alike.

There is one other widely used weapon, and a deadly one it is—a heavy wooden club for use on the cranium in close-combat conditions, such as usually arise at the end of the battle when the ammunition is exhausted and the antagonists have worked themselves up into a fine frenzy. Then the hand-to-hand fighting excels in ferocity, but the blood scattered on the ground is misleading—the actual mortality rate is very low. Tremendous whacks on the head are exchanged, that lay the scalp open right down to the bone. But cracking the cranium itself is not so easy: Samatari heads are harder than Coroso palm.

One may well ask why the Indians are forever fighting these wars, but this is to put the question a little too ingenuously. The answer can only be that it is their mode of life—just as it is other people's mode of life not to keep on fighting. There are vendettas as old as their race itself, fanned by their belief in the evil eye of the witch doctors who can cause the death of children and spread sickness through the tribe. Fear is the underlying cause, at the origin of these vendettas and at the origin of all origins; fear that is the very condition, the very breath of existence for primitive man in the inhuman, unhuman forest regions that set their stamp on all who live in them. Fear gives birth to these bloody encounters, which a little cool-headedness could transform into the meeting of friends. We ourselves owed our salvation to the fact that we hadn't fought back. We had a certain confidence too, over and above the passing moment of fear, a certain faith in the essential goodness of man.

But apart from fear and the vendettas which grow out of it, there is one native activity which just as easily leads to war: theft. Theft is the activity in which the Shirians excel, their way of living. Everything that can further their nomadic existence is torn out of the earth, the trees and the animals. The process means effort and struggle, always more or less exhausting and unsafe. It follows logically that if anything they basically need belongs to other men, they will take it from them, too. The tribe on the river so-and-so possesses a machete, or a knife—perhaps the result of long bargaining with their neighbours, or, more often, of a highly successful bit of burglary and some

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721 [685] skirmishing. After several days' howling and shrieking, an expedition is decided on. It is not certain that a battle will yield the desired utensil or object, but then, it is never certain that a hunt will fill the pot, and many a tree looks promising and then turns out to be barren, or to have no ripe fruit. But a good, just war, the Samatari think—and all their wars are just—always produces something worth fighting for, even if the immediate result isn't one that would [754] strike the impartial observer as advantageous. For even if the encounter produces only negative results, the enemy will henceforth go in fear and it will be a long time before their witch-doctors or magic-men dare to strike at the children again with their black arts of death.

And in addition to all these lines of reasoning, savages cannot grasp, as we can, the notion of victory or defeat, for this means first differentiating war from ordinary normal modes of life and treating it as a special occasion with its own scale of values. For the Indians, war is just one of the facts of life, like the harvest. Its result has no direct value, in so far as that result can always be changed by another war, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

III

*123 When we were not on the march I attended to the sick—an activity which soon grew to such dimensions that I found myself in charge of a full-scale open-air clinic, with a meek queue of patients waiting their turn to see the doctor, and an orderly to help me. The start of it all was the mournful bent old man who came along to us morning, noon and night, pointing to his kidneys and wailing '*Nini, nini*'—'Bad, bad.' We had fortunately succeeded in getting back the three or four tins containing our medical supplies, which included a good deal of terramycin presented to us by the manufacturers in exchange for the samples of earth we were to bring back. I imagined that in the case of people like the Samatari, who were completely unaccustomed to any drug at all, an antibiotic should have a very positive effect. In fact, the old fellow definitely improved after taking a few capsules. He was far less bent as he walked and no longer complained that he felt '*nini*'.

This must have been an excellent advertisement for us, because a great many patients began to come forward—most of them not showing any sign of suffering from anything at all. Then they began to understand that we treated wounds

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

If such a duel is escalated, it usually develops into a side-slapping contest. Occasionally, the combatants will sue for the use of machetes and axes, but this is rare. If machetes are used, the object of the contest still remains the same: Injure your opponent seriously enough so that he will withdraw from the contest, but try not to draw blood. Hence, opponents strike each other with only the flat of the blade when they resort to machetes.

In some areas the Yąnomamö modify the chest-pounding duel in another way: The opponents hold rocks in their clenched fists and strike their adversaries on the chest with an even more stunning blow. They try not to let the stone itself touch the flesh of the man they are fighting. Even without the use of stones, however, they are able to deliver their blows with such force that some of the participants cough up blood for days after having been in a duel.

Club fights represent the next level of violence. These can take place both within and between villages. Most of the club fights result from arguments over women, but a few of them develop out of disputes associated with food theft. Dikawä, a young man about twenty years old, came home one day and discovered a bunch of eating bananas his father, about fifty-five years old, had hung up in his house, above his hearth, to ripen in the smoke. Dikawä, however, ate a number of them without his father's permission. When his father discovered the theft, he ripped a pole out of his house and began clubbing Dikawä. Dikawä armed himself with a similar club and attacked his father, precipitating a general melee that soon involved most of the men in the village, each taking the side of the father or son, as they saw fit. In brawls such as these, many individuals join in the fighting just to keep the sides even; if a group is badly outnumbered, they will be joined by friends whose sense of fairness stimulates them to take sides, no matter what the issue is. The net result of the above fight was a number of lacerated skulls, bashed fingers, and sore shoulders. The contestants try to hit each other on the top of the head, but when the fight gets out of hand, the participants swing wildly and rarely hit their opponents on the skull. More frequently, the blow lands on the shoulder or arm.

The clubs used in these fights are, ideally, 8 to 10 feet long. They are very wiry, quite heavy, and deliver a tremendous wallop. In general shape and dimensions, they resemble pool cues, but are nearly twice as long. The club is held at the thin end, which is frequently sharpened to a long point in case the fighting escalates to spear thrusting, in which case the club is inverted and used as a pike.

Most duels start between two men, usually after one of them has been caught *en flagrante* trysting with the other's wife. The enraged husband challenges his opponent to strike him on the head with a club. He holds his own club vertically, leans against it and exposes his head for his opponent to strike. After he has sustained a blow on the head, he can then deliver one on the culprit's skull. But as soon as blood starts to flow, almost everybody rips a pole out of the house frame and joins in the fighting, supporting one or the other of the contestants.

Needless to say, the tops of most men's heads are covered with long, ugly scars of which their bearers are immensely proud. Some of them, in fact, keep their head cleanly shaved on top to display these scars, rubbing red pigment on their bare scalps to define them more precisely. Viewed from the top, the skull of an accomplished man of forty years looks like a road map, for it is criss-crossed by as many as twenty large scars (see

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

Although few raids are initiated solely with the intention of capturing women, this is always a desired side benefit. A few wars, however, are started with the intention of abducting women. I visited a village in Brazil in 1967 that had a critical shortage of women. A group of missionaries had moved into this village a few years earlier and learned of the treachery by which the group managed to obtain a number of their women. One of them gave me this account. The headman of the group organized a raiding party to abduct women from a distant group. They went there and told these people that they had machetes and cooking pots from the foreigners, who prayed to a spirit that gave such items in answer to the prayers. They then volunteered to teach these people how to pray. When the men knelt down and bowed their heads, the raiders attacked them with their machetes and killed them. They captured their women and fled.

Treachery of this kind, the *nomohoni*, is the ultimate form of violence. Kaobawä's group suffered a massacre in 1950, as I have mentioned earlier, but the treachery in this case was in revenge for a murder. Still, their assailants attempted to abduct women after the objectives of their treachery were accomplished. Had it not been for their greed to capture women, the massacre would have been even more complete. Many escaped because the assailants turned their attention to the women.

Generally, however, the desire to abduct women does not lead to the initiation of hostilities between groups that have had no history of mutual raiding in the past. New wars usually develop when charges of sorcery are leveled against the members of a different group. Once raiding has begun between two villages, however, the raiders all hope to acquire women if the circumstances are such that they can flee without being discovered. If they catch a man and his wife at some distance from the village, they will more than likely take the woman after they kill her husband. If, however, the raiders are near the village, they may flee without dragging a captured woman along, as the body of their victim will be discovered quickly and pursuit will be immediate. Hence, they do not take a chance on hindering their flight by dragging a reluctant captive with them. A captured woman is raped by all the men in the raiding party and, later, by the men in the village who wish to do so but did not participate in the raid. She is then given to one of the men as a wife. If the captured woman is related to her captors, she is not raped.

Most wars are merely a prolongation of earlier hostilities, stimulated by revenge motives. The first causes of hostilities are usually sorcery, murders, or club fights over women in which someone is badly injured or killed. Occasionally, food theft involving related villages also precipitates raiding. This was the cause of the first raids between Kaobawä's group and the Patanowä-teri; they split from each other after a series of club fights over women. Each group made a new garden and returned periodically to the old one to collect peach-palm fruit, a crop that continues to produce long after the garden itself has gone to weeds. Someone stole the peach-palm fruit belonging to a man in the other group, resulting in another food theft for revenge, a club fight, and then raiding, but it should be pointed out that the raiding came about only after a long history of disputes between the groups; food theft was merely the catalyst that finally initiated the hostilities.

The Yanomamö themselves regard fights over women as the primary causes of their wars. I was in one of the more remote villages in 1967, visiting with people I had met on my first field trip. The headman of the village, Säsäwä, coveted my British commando knife and kept begging me to give it to him. He wanted me to tell him all about the knife, its origin, history, and how often it had been exchanged in trades. When I told